

D' F O E's Answer to the

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Quakers Catechism :

O R. A

Dark *LANTHORN* for a Friend
of the Light.

To the R E A D E R.

A Quaker with's dark Lanthorn light,
Is here exposed to your sight ;
Stript off's nice Vizard and fair Paint,
Wherein he us'd to Ape a Saint.
So false Fires may delude our Eyes,
And seem like Stars to guild the Skies ;
Till Reason proves they owe their Birth
To stinking vapours of the Earth.
This Hypocrite we here essay,
In's proper Colours to display ;
Whose Yea and Nay in mischief goes
Beyond the Hectors damning Oaths
A Play-house Beau, is not so Gay,
As now a Days the Yea and Nay :
Whose Wigg in Curles, with Powder Dress,
Makes him as Wicked as the rest ;
And seems to Act so very oddly,
You'd Swear he's fallen from the Godly :
For when he looks the most Precise,
He tells you damn'd confounded Lyes.

D' Foe, &c.

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St. John's Church
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D' FOE's Answer to the Quakers CATECHISM, &c.

A Quaker is a *Hogs-head* of *Phanaticisme* drawn off to the Lees; a *Common-Shore* of *Heresie* into which most extravagant *Opinions* at last *Disembogue* themselves and center, the *fag-end* of *Reformation* marked with a *sullen meagre look*, and this *Characteristick Thou*; A *Fox* in a *Lamb-skin Coat*, that retains his *Subtlety* though not his *colour* a *dough-baked* piece of *formality* that *decries Superstition*, yet *idolizes Garbs and Phrases*. You may know him by his *diminutive-band*, that looks like the *Folorne-hope* of his *Shirt* crawling out at his *Collar*; for his *parity* consists only in his *Dress*, and his *Religion* is, *Not to speak like his Neighbours*. His *Original* is as *Obscure* as the *head of Nile*; some refer it to *Behmen* the *canning Philosophaster* of *Germany*. Others run his *Pedigree* higher, and say he was *hatcht* when the *degraded Seraphim* first took on him to counterfeit an *Angel of Light*. He is a *meer Composition* of *Contradiction* and *Charnishnessana*, with a few odd *Scruples* of *Hypocrisie* to give it a *Tincture*. Should the *Parliament* make a *Law* for *Eating*, he would *Starve* rather than be *Guilty* of obeying it; and if you would have him do a thing, you need only forbid it on *Pain of Death*: He thinks that to be *Religious* one is obliged to be *Uncivil*, and *flings* his *Witts* over *Board* to make room for *Inspirations*. His *Dreams* he *Intitles* *Visions*, and each *Crapicio* of his *Fancy* must pass for a *divine Revelation*, to which he *Blasphemously* puts a *Probatum est*, *The Mouth of the Lord hath spoken it*. The first Article of

his Creed is to keep his Hat on, which he observes so Religiously, as if he thought *vailing Bonnet* to be the sin against the *Holy Ghost*; Titles of Honour he takes for infallible Marks of the Beast, and believes the Master of the Ceremonies to be *Antichrist*; He would have done rarely in the old *Chaos* before Nature had ranked things in their places, being a profest Enemy to all Order, that thinks there's no *pure walking* unless it be with the Heels upwards: He bears a Grudge against *Paul* for saying *most noble Festus*, and hates the Memory of *Sarah* because she called her Husband *Lord*. His Discourses are nothing but a *Rhapsody* of oft repeated *Non-sense*; and when he hath darkned your Understanding with a Cloud of insignificant *Babble*, he Cry's, *Ab! Friends mind the Light!* He usually begins with *Raving* like *Mahomet* in his *Falling-fit*, or the Devil of *Delphose's Priests*, that never delivered their *Lying Oracles*, but with *extravagant Gestures* and *odd Distortions* of Body, *Swear not at all*, is his Motto, but *Lies* he holds in many cases *Venial*, and in two *meritorious*, when they make for the *Interest of the beloved Seed*, or reflect *Scandal* on the *Government*. He Cheats worse then a *Long-lane Broaker*, by pretending to deal at a word, and the *Hook* whereby he draws in his Customers, is a *far-fetcht Sigh*, and plainly I tell thee Friend.

This troublesome *Insect* (for all his demure Looks) is deservedly suspected to be part of the *Vermine* dropt from the *Beast*, a *Puppet of Religion*, contrived to amuse the *Rabble*, that receives it's Motion from his *Holynesses* invisible Hand behind the *Curtain*; for though the *Jesuite* and he seem Enemies, at long run (like *East* and *West*,) they prove the same *Equivocations* being as common with them both as *Curses* to a *Gamester*. Ask our trembling *Saint* if he believe the *Resurrection of the Dead*, he shall answer *yea*, but tell you another time, he meant only *an arising from Sin*; by *Heaven* and *Hell* he intends no more but several *Scenes* Transacted with-

in us, and abuses *holy Scripture* into a mystical *Romance*. Each of them avers *Perfection Attainable* in this Life, but herein they differ, the *Papist* Acknowledgeth but one *Pope* in the World, the *Quaker* sets up a *Pope* in every *Individual Breast*, to whom all *Scripture* and *Reason* must *Truckle*; so that refusing the *Polestar* of *Gods Word* and the *Churches Compass*, he will needs *Steer* by the wandering *Motion* of a *Treacherous Ignus fatuus* within, subject to be *blown any way*, and often *Extinguished* by the *Hurricanes of Passion*.

He makes *Self* the *Centre* whereunto the *Lines* of all his *Actions* tend, and like a *Hedge-hog* wrapt up in his own warm down, turn out *Bristles* to all the World besides; you can come on no side of him but he *Pricks* and *Bites*, and all his *Craggy* and *Inhospitable*. He that deals with him has need of more *Eyes* then *Poets bestow on Argus*, for he out-vies a *Genoe's* for *Subtlety*, and a *Few* may come to be an *Apprentice* with him; he loves the *Exchange* though he hates the *Church*, and he *Admires* no *Preaching* so much as *Foxes*.

For all his peaceable *Sheepish Countenance*, he delights in *Contention*, and when he is *Thou-ing* a *Court* of *Justice*, thinks himself in his proper *Element*. He bawls (like an *Oysterwife*) at other *Folks Pride*, and evidences his own *Humility* onely in defying the *Pedlars Pack*, *Lace*, *Ribbons*, &c. whilest he *sawcily* contemns his *Superiours*, and prefers the *Crotchets* of his own *giddy Brain* before the *Decrees of a general Council*. He hates no *Whore* so much as her of *Babylon*, and ever and anon greatifies the *old Man* with a kind *Green-apron'd Friend*, whom he picks up at a *Conventicle* by a *lecherous Touch* of the *Hand*, under pretence of a pure *Salutation*, and finding by her *rampant Pulse*, and tempting turning up the *Whites*, (which she pretends to do in *Devotion*) that her desires are at *Flood*, they retire together for mutual *Edification*. He is often *Drunk*, but not like his *Neighbours Temporally*, for *Sleep* cannot

cure him, but the *Fumes* of his spiritual Pride having
 Intoxicated his Head, makes his very Soul Reel, and
 but his Body into a fit of *Shivering*; ye, will he not
 in privately in the company of *Friends* refuse the *refreshing*
 Bottle, provided it be not known in *Gath*, nor publish-
 ed amongst the wicked of *Askalon*, for he confesseth
 by the use of the *Creature* (especially when it comes on
 Free-cost) to be exceeding *Lawful*. He is very curious
 to be in all things *contrary* to the *common Mode*, that he
 may be taken notice of, for a *singular Man*, and hav-
 ing screw'd his Face into a Religious Frame, and
 turn'd his Voice to a *puling sanctimonious Key*, he uses
 it as a *Low-bell* to catch *Larks*, or rather such *Owles* as
 will be *Bubbled* out of their Money merely on the
 Repute of his *conscientious Dealing*; he abominates our
Churches, and sayes very well, that *God must be Wor-*
shipped every where in Spirit, yet will rather be knock'd
 oth' Head than forsake *Bull and Mouth*, here it is that
 he *Glories in Tribulations*.

In brief, a Quaker is a *Cynick* in Religion, one that
 would have *Illnature* translated *Grace*; as if the *Holy*
 of Spirit (that pure sweet gentle Dove) did inspire Men with
 He *sullen Humours* and *waspyish Disposition*: He hates both
 and *Magistracie* and *Ministrie*, and never speaks, well of
Authority or *Obedience*, but when he is going to lash
 his *Maid* or his *Apprentices*; for though himself have
 shaken off all *subjection* to *Superious*, yet to his *Dome-*
sticks he is worse then an *Egyptian Taskmaster*, and
 speaks to his *Servants* in a tone as imperious as the
Grand Seignior to his *Mutes*; he cannot endure *Cere-*
monies or *Complements*, especially where his *Belly*
 is concerned, and therefore falls to all meat (as *Gal-*
lants do to a *Wench* or *Oysters*) without saying *Grace*,
 he is very diligent in his *Generation-work*, and
 may therefore have many *Children* but no *Heirs*; for
 his *Issue* comes into the *World* out-law'd, and can
 no more boast to be born in lawful *Wedlock*, then

the *Kinchen cove* of a *Gypsie* got under a Hedge by a *frauling Tinker*; he bannes the Banes, and in this Respect only refuses *License*, Consummating his Marriage before it is Solemnized; for so soon as the Spirit begins to yield to the Rebellion of the *Flesh*, and his Bowels Yearn to be Multiplying, he and his willing *Doxy* never wait the Parton Leisure, but take each others Word and so to Bed.

The Devil that furnishes others with his *Tare* but by Retail, deals with the Quaker by Whole sale, so many *Heresies* Club to his Generation that 'tis Impossible to say which he Resembles most. Sure Satan had a Fancy to present the World with an *Ogllo*, and therefore here hath Rendevouzed all his Hell-bred Errours in *Epitomie*, and set down a Catalogue of them in *Short-hand*.

By his obstinate Zeal to keep his Noddle covered, you may guess him a *Mahumetan*, that resents nothing so Dishonourable as a bare Head; and indeed he hath no more Christianity in him than a *Turk*: His *Good Fryday Looks* speak him a superstitious *Anchorite*; his Subtlety and Equivocations would become a *Jesuite*; he Names his Children with as little Ceremony as other Folks do their *Whelps*; and so far kees pace with the *Anabaptist*, but of a sudden he out-strips them, and falls in with the Seekers to deny all Ordinances. From *Socinus* he steals Arguments against the blessed *Trinity*, and learns to disown all Government from *John of Leyden*. At first he was much against the *Carnal-Weapon*, but now begins to be Reconciled to Fighting, and if you Anger him will rather venture a *Rubbers* at *fity Cuffs*, than

turn the other Cheek to the Smiter. He has of
late so far fallen from his first pretence of Humillity
that he out strips Handsom *Fielding*, or any Play-
er. Bully for Wig and Vanity.

'Tis a prudent Maxime in the Art Military, never
to think too Contempribly of an Enemy. Our
Grandfathers saw that *Scotch-mist Presbytery* rising
bigger then a Mans Hand, and yet how Dismal-
ly did it in few Years over-spread our whole *Ho-*
lison.

Consider but this *Quaking Gang* in it's true Di-
mensions, and the Arts they have to promote their
Designs, and they will appear more formidable
then most of the other Eactions.

For First, They are a People generally Subtle,
Frugal, Industrious, and Wary in their Dealing;
by which and their large Pretensions to a punctual
Honesty, they have Ingrossed a grand part of the
Nations Trade.

Secondly, Whereas other Perswasions are di-
vided into distinct Congregations, and to have se-
veral particular T E A C H E R S, who frequent-
ly Broaching different Whimseys, Mince them into
subdivisions, whilst some dare not hear *such an one*,
and others scruple to Communicate with *such a one*,
though all of a P A R T Y.

The Q U A K E R S on the contrary; though
two of them scarce agree in all things, doe yet
generally throughout *England* keep themselves up
in one intire Body, glewed together with a strict
unity, as to Affection, and Correspondence, as is
evident by their *Weekly Collections* in every Coun-
ty continually sent up to *London*, where their

common Stock cannot but in so many Years as they have Maintained it, be very vast. To which add the exact Accompt and *Registry* they every where keep of all their Births and Burials (which are likewise duly Transmitted up) so that in an Instant they are able to give a near Estimate of their Number and Strength in all the three Nations. These and some other *Importants* being duly weighed, render this *shivering Sect* not so inconsiderable as the common *Rabble* Deluded with their specious Pretences are apt to think them. 'Tis a good Caution of a Minor Poet,

*As white Powder discharges without Noise,
So may Saint-seeming Hypocrites Destroy,
Trust not too far, the soft Hand sometimes Smites
And Larks are Birds of Prey as well as Kites.*

To conclude, a *Quaker* is a canting thing that Cozens the World by the Purity of his Cloaths, a few *Close-stool Faces* and whining Expressions, his Life is only a real Lye, his Doctrine contrary to all sober Religion, and withal so Troublesome that I am grown quite Weary of drawing his Character and cannot but wish him and all his Tribe fairly Embark'd for *terra Incognita*, of the late found *Ile of Pines*, under the Conduct of *Penn* their high Admiral.

F I N I S

